

THOMAS CONVICTED.

DR. JOHN HALL'S NOTES ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

Lesson VI of the International Series for Sunday, Nov. 7—Golden Text, "And Thomas said unto Him, My Lord and My God"—Lesson, John xx, 19-31.

Our lesson to-day has an interest peculiar to itself. Peter, John and Judas only, of the twelve, have as much notice of them in the gospels as Thomas. He had a character peculiarly his own, like which there are many among men, and this doubtless is the reason for his being so outstanding a figure in the Gospel of John. There are two parts of the lesson, but connected together, for we should not understand the features of the second interview if we had not the details of the first—very important in themselves.

It was the Jewish Monday, the first Christian Sabbath (called the first day, etc., in Acts xx, 7), and evening. The disciples knew the light in which the Jews regarded them, and had the doors of the room in which they met closed, probably as we would say "barred" or "locked." "Disciples" may include others besides the twelve apostles. (See Luke xxiv, 35.)

The words "come Jesus," along with the account of "the doors shut," give the impression that there was no opening of the doors needed. The glorified body of Jesus was not bound by ordinary natural laws, nor probably will those of saints be. The "iron gate" of Peter's prison opened to the angel and him of its "own accord." What power we shall have when we become equal with the angels, who can tell? We shall see through questions about matter that baffles us now. Jesus "stood in the midst" and gave his salutation, "Peace be unto you!" How timely! They were in "fear and trembling." How much they needed it! How often he has come into chambers where timid and perplexed disciples were gathered, and spoken in effect the same thing! Timid in view of Jewish malice, but glad over the news of our Lord's resurrection, they had secretly come together, and lo! he is there, without any need to open the door. He is all he ever was. He is the same in feeling, as they feel when the words fall on their ears, Peace be unto you!

V. 20. He knows human dullness; he knows them. How good it is for us that the disciples were not model men, not perfect, but like ourselves! If they had been well-nigh perfect we should have desponded. But their need of help and of repeated lessons concerning truth encourages us, for our Master knows us as he knows them. So he shows them his hands and his side. They have many infallible proofs (Acts i, 3) of his rising. He is the same in body. He is not a spirit, as they thought him on the Sea of Galilee. He has suffered. He is the "Lamb slain." John remembered this—"handed"—in I John i, 1, long years afterward. How much all this meant they did not then know or stop to ask. Their hearts overflowed with joy. "Then were the disciples glad," etc. And when we are cast down and things seem to go against us, here is the most gladdening thing in the world—the sight by faith of Jesus. (See Rom. v, 2.)

V. 21. Again the "peace" is given, and the truth which they failed to understand before is repeated: "As my father sent me—not to do my will but his—I send you, not to do your own but mine; and as I preached the gospel, so are you to do in my name."

V. 22. This living man breathes—breathes on them, and with the power of God says, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." He had promised this gift in John xvi, 7, and elsewhere. It is true a fuller blessing of this sort is to be theirs; but even now they need special help. He told them that the Comforter would bear witness to him. This they need now, as they are to wait for the Pentecostal power. He is to them a Spirit of prayer (Acts i, 13, 14). Then he foretells the commission in V. 23. "Whosoever," etc. Whatever power was given Peter is here given to all. All stand on the same level. The apostles did not give forgiveness in their name or in virtue of their office; they proclaimed it. See Jer. i, 10, "See, I have this day set thee over the nations and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, to build, and to plant." Did the weeping prophet do all that? No; but he proclaimed the terms, in God's name, on which God would do it, and as it was with prophets so it is with apostles. See the same principle in Isa. vi, 10, in Ezek. xxxiii, 18, also in Ezek. xliii, 3, Hosea vi, 5, Rev. xi, 5. It is important to make the pupils understand this. Words like these are constantly quoted in favor of a priesthood and of Rome, and the rising generation of Americans will need to understand the case. What the apostles did explain the sense and meaning of this commission. They did not hear confessions, prescribe penances and pronounce absolutions. They preached Christ and remission of sins in his name.

We now come to the second section, which gave a name to our lesson. "Thomas" means a "twin." The word resembles "Tou" in Hebrew con. Song vii, 3, and Didymus is the Septuagint (Greek) rendering of it. It is usually a loss to be absent from a meeting of disciples. It was so with Thomas (v. 24). Probably it was not an accident, but his despondent nature that kept him away. But of course the disciples told him what they had seen (v. 25). Then came the words which have been taken by some to show a skeptical, ill-conditioned mind. "Except," etc. But they did not. To learn their meaning we must know what manner of man Thomas was. When Jesus intimated that he was leaving his safe retreat from Jewish malice and going to Bethany (John xi, 7, 8, 10), Thomas, dispirited, taking the gloomiest view of the case, said to his fellow disciples, "Let us also go, that we may die with him," i. e., Jesus. He loved him tenderly. He will be seized and killed. We may as well go and die with him. He took the gloomiest view of things. So when at the last supper Jesus spoke of going away and of their coming along, the same spirit breaks out. But it is not bad; it is only sad. Jesus treats it kindly. "Lord, thou art going, we know not whether, how can we go after or with thee? We know nothing of what is meant." He deems the departure of Jesus the end of all of them. He was not an unbeliever, eager to get reasons for unbelief. He was right in aim, in heart, in affection. But his nature was slow; his mind was dependent; he was easily cast down. He took the gloomiest view of things. There is a long succession to this apostle among men from mental nature, from and experiences, from physical weakness or what is called temperament. Some are over-sensitive like Peter; some are too slow to believe and down-hearted. This was the character of Thomas. Jesus never treats him as a man bent on disbelief, or willingly blinding his eyes to evidence, or bad at heart. So when

(V. 23) after eight days, the disciples being just as before, door shut and all together, including Thomas, Jesus came and spoke "peace" as before.

V. 27. But he did more. Why, he has the "Thomas" words! He knows the nature of his depression. That was his fault. He did know what his fame, he craved in his depression. There is enough. There is no hint that Thomas went through the mechanical process. The Master is there and knows him well. He shows that by his word, "be not faithless" ("do not become faithless," it might be) "but believing." He

makes a confession of his faith

(V. 28), brief in words, but fuller and clearer in meaning than any yet made, owning Jesus not only as his "Lord," but his God. He is the Messiah; he is divine in nature. He is "my God." This, the divine nature of Jesus, was the point with which John set out (John i, 1), and here his book as good as ends, for chapter xxi is supplementary.

V. 29. Our Lord shows him that his way, of slow faith, depression, despondency, is not the best way. There is a better. He has believed, for he has seen; but blessed are they, and there will be a countless multitude of them, who will not see yet believe. Heb. xi, 1, 27; I Cor. v, 7; I Peter i, 8 may well be studied in this connection. They have ample evidence, but not of the kind Thomas' nature craved. Let us seek this blessing.

Vs. 30, 31 require little explanation. John is not exhausting the subject, but supplementing other writers, and his aim is, now that the nature of Jesus is being discussed by Greeks, etc., to show that he is the son of God, and that, believing him, his readers "might have life through his name." What an instrument God made him!

The teacher may well point out the ample evidence of Christ's rising; the fact that he is revealed as divine Redeemer; that his disciples, sent as he was, are to serve through suffering and death if need be; the gentleness of Jesus, going after the one wandering sheep and bringing him back; the fitness of his dealing with slow, doubting Thomas in this way, and the fullness of confession not only of Christ's rising, but of his divine nature; and the nature of believing, which includes all that is implied in faith.—Sunday School World.

Most Excellent.

J. J. Atkins, Chief of Police, Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "My family and I are beneficiaries of your most excellent medicine, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; having found it to be all that you claim for it, desire to testify to its virtue. My friends to whom I have recommended it, praise it at every opportunity." Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption is guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and every affection of Throat, Chest and Lungs.

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ART STUDY.

A Picture of Girl-Students' Life in a Paris Atelier.

Better than any words of mine, says a writer in *Harper's Bazar*, is what one of these girl-students says herself in some notes which I asked her to make for me, in addition to the sketches made by another girl at the same atelier. I give them just as they are:

"For any girls coming to study art in Paris, to live as we do in a quiet hotel is far better and more economical than to board with a French family or pension, unless with a wish to master the language. Nothing can be more simple than our habits. We have one room, and we descend to table d'hôte when we choose—not otherwise. We cook our own breakfast over a spirit lamp at 8 A. M., and go straight to the atelier, where we work till 12. Then déjeuner at a cicerone, and work again till 5 P. M. Returning to our hotel we can dine if we like, but more often we boil our kettle, have tea and an egg, and spend the evening over a book. It sounds rather a monotonous life, yet we all find it very attractive, and the weeks slip by only too fast."

Even the regular morning walk is pleasant. At the hour the Quartier Latin is filled with street sellers wheeling their stalls about, housewives marketing in their white caps, and little children in black pinafores (not white ones) being taken to school by their bonne or garcon. Streams of men, too, on their way to business, a newspaper in one hand and a roll in the other, imply that hard-working Paris is waking up to its daily life.

"Our atelier gives us every opportunity for the study of character, for in daily work together most people's natures are clearly displayed. There is the elderly spinster, prevented from study in her youth, and always envying the younger students who have their life before them. Beside her is a patient artist who has been toiling for years without making any visible progress, but who still hopes to succeed one day. Another, equally hard-working, with her whole soul in her work, scorns such a thing as outward appearance, and her dress, once aesthetic, looks like a worn-out robe de chambre slowly melting into a bundle of rags. But a few who combine the love of fashion with the love of art come here in costumes more suited to the Champs Elysees than to our crowded studio, where they are in serious danger of rubbing against palets, knocking down ensels, etc."

"Companionship is one of the pleasantest bits of student life. Our frugal tea parties, when the hostess boils the kettle and sets the table, and we all sit round the fire and discuss the last exhibition, especially our own professor's work therein, or the success of one of us in getting into the salon, which is held as a universal triumph to all. Conversation never flags, for some of us have lived at the ends of the earth, and can describe them well, and others are political spirits who belong to a debating society, and wish to reconstruct the world after their pattern which the rest good-naturedly but resolutely disapprove. Then where to spend our Sunday afternoons is always an important consideration. Nearly always we go out of town by road or rail, and after six days spent in the atelier, its close atmosphere reeking with oil and turpentine, the smells, sights, and sounds of the country are only too delightful."

"Such are our pleasures; but after all, the most interesting thing is our work. Every Monday we have the excitement of posing the new model. We begin enthusiastically, but Tuesday, after the professor has criticised our drawings, our spirits usually sink a little. Lower still they get Wednesday and Thursday; by Friday, when the second professor comes, they are usually down at zero. Sunday finds us in deepest despair, only comforted by the resolution to do better next week, and that day is generally devoted to water-colors, or pen-and-ink sketches, or portraits of some picturesque fellow-student, usually kept as a souvenir when the time for leaving the atelier comes, and the girls who have been working together all winter go their several ways to meet again—when and where, who knows? Probably never."

But still they have done good work, poor girls! and mingled it with a great deal of innocent enjoyment. And though Paris is, most will agree, not a desirable place for a girl to study in alone, still necessity has no law, and in

community is much safety. Then young students seem to go through the ordeal unscathed, and, so far as I could judge, without being unfeminized. For they are workingwomen, and, as they honestly say, have "no time" for anything but work. It is idleness which breeds the follies, or worse than follies, of many young people, teaching them to substitute flirtation for love, and the craving for more admiration instead of that self-devotedness which, however sad, is at least more noble than the selfish vanity of a conquering beauty. The busy life of a workingwoman may harden her a little, but it will never degrade or deteriorate her; and very often, in good times.

If love comes, he will enter, and soon find out the way. But should he never come, the woman learns to do without him, and will be the happier and better woman for having put her life to useful account. And therefore, as a help to the many girls who must work, and do work, I have given this simple, truthful, and faithful picture of how they work in a Paris atelier.

Hints on Reading.

The readers Coleridge has divided into four classes. He says: "The first class of readers may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sands; it runs in and runs out and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it in nearly the same state. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless preserves only the pure gems." It is to be feared that in the present day the greatest number of readers belong to the first of these classes. The amount read is something almost fabulous, but the results are comparatively trifling. Volume after volume is perused; pamphlets and papers are mentally consumed, but the stores of knowledge are not perceptibly increased. This charge lies only against those who read secular works; it applies to too great an extent to those who read the Scriptures and other treatises upon things divine. Lord Bacon once said that "reading makes a full man." He could not have meant the kind of reading that is now so prevalent. The omnivorous readers, the readers who skim through page after page; the butterfly readers, who taste some flowers of literature here and there, but never settle down to a resolute extraction of the sweets, are found at the year's end, after all their reading, not more "full" intellectually, but often more foolish than before. Why is this? Because in these excess days the reading has been done as quickly as possible, and because what is read one hour is buried beneath a heap of multifarious matter the next hour. But if a man read upon a prudent plan, if he digest what he mentally receives, his reading will become a delightful source of very extensive information and sound wisdom.

Reading should be in moderation. It is possible to devour whole libraries and yet learn nothing. It is said that Miss Martineau once read in one hour no more than a single page of a good book. An eminent divine and author is said to have had but three books—the Bible, Josephus' works and Cruden's Concordance. A celebrated French author being laughed at because of the smallness of his library, replied, "Ah, when I wanted a book I made it." On the other hand, Madame de Staël-Holstein is said to have devoured 600 novels before she was 15 years of age, and to have read those 600 in three months—on an average six each day! Louis XVI, while imprisoned for a period of five months and seven days, read 157 volumes, or one book a day. Such literary gluttony could have left little good result. Too much reading is as injurious to the mind as too much feeding is to the body.—*The Quiver*.

German Girls.

There is less difficulty in German girls of the middle class finding suitable partners for life than is the case in the same class in England, says a writer in the *National Review*. German girls, as a matter of course, take their share in household work. This does not prevent their being frequently very accomplished, often excellent musicians, but it does prevent a great deal of restlessness and vague discontent. A young man who marries in that class knows that he may reasonably expect his bride to be a good housewife. If he is in the upper middle class—for instance a shopkeeper—his wife often keeps the accounts of the shop. I have wondered at the close attention to business details shown by women who might have expected to be spared such exertions. But I was assured they preferred to be thus occupied; partly in order to save their children. It seemed to me that the master and mistress in most shops were on friendly terms with their assistants, who were permitted to rest at intervals during the day in a room behind the shop.

Men's Neckwear.

One reason why the making of men's neckwear has become so cheap is that many married women and young girls of fairly well-to-do families wish to earn something for pocket money, and, thinking this light and not unpleasant work, take it home and do it. They do not depend upon that for their bread, and so do not have the same reasons for trying to uphold the price, which is now less than half what it was three years ago. The women and girls who work at cravat-making are generally of a superior class, mostly sons as have seen better days, and are ill-fitted to battle for justice, or of those who do not really need money and do not realize what a dreadful struggle it would be to live entirely from the product of their work at this trade.—*N. Y. World*.

For the relief and cure of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in Ely's Cream Balm than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints Cream Balm prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh and hay fever after all other modes of treatment have proved of no avail.

ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA.

A Dealer in Dogs Says the Disease is Not Incurable—Patients Die of Frigate.

Anyone riding in the Fourth avenue cars, says the *New York World*, can notice in passing through Broome street, a few cages filled with chickens piled together above a cellar door, and surmounted by the remains of what was once a dog, who is there to signify to the passing multitude that Mr. James Young has more and fresher canines for sale below.

That dog was once a triumph of the taxidermist's art, and except that his bark was out of order, no one would know that he had obtained Nirvana; but wind and weather have worked sad ravages, and left him bald as an old kid glove. He sags in places, and his wan, glassy eyes bulge out too much, but he seems to remind the world that his owner holds some original views on the subject of dogs who are called mad.

"There never was a dog what was called crazy but you'd find when you'd cut him open he'd something wrong in his stomach, something that oughtn't to be there," said the dog-fancier didactically. When Dr. Mott, who is experimenting with Pasteur's methods in this city, made a post-mortem examination of the dog who bit the child he inoculated, he found a hard ball in its stomach, which appeared to be composed of the hempen fibers of a door-mat. This was so remarkable a confirmation of Mr. Young's statement that he was induced by a reporter to tell about it.

"Yes, I saw that," said the dog-dealer, in reference to Mott's statement. "And it's just like I said before. When a dog's what folk call mad, you'll always find a ball like that in his stomach. Sometimes it's hair, sometimes it's wool, and sometimes it's the door mat, but the trouble's always the same. Here's the way it is: A dog that's kept chained up in his kennel or in a city house, the moment you let him out where there's grass you'll notice he will eat a lot of the coarsest grass he can find, and then he goes a little further and throws it up. Now, that's his instinct. He knows he needs medicine because shut up like that he doesn't get proper exercise, and most times not the right food, either, so he knows he's got to clear out his stomach some way. Dogs get a great deal of their own hair inside of them from biting it, and those what's in the house breathe in a lot of lint and dust of the carpets. Well, of course, that don't digest, and they begin chewing the door-mat or eating straw, and it forms a lump that the juices in the stomach makes harder and harder. Why, many's the time I've seen lumps taken out of a dead dog so hard you couldn't break them with a hatchet. Now how do you think you'd cut with one of them lumps in your insides?"

"I remember a year or two ago in Jersey a man had a pair of greyhounds and he'd refused \$1,000 for one of them. Well, he telegraphed some doctors who were interested in the matter, that the dog had gone mad and was chained up in his cellar. The owner was afraid it might burst through the window, and so shot it, and sent it warm to the doctors for dissection. Well, now, inside that dog they found a big rag. Greyhounds have to be killed to preserve their shape, and one day when he was furnished the cook dropped her greasy dish-rag in his food by accident, and he bolted it down with the rest."

"Dr. Mott was here himself the other day to buy some rabbits," continued the dog merchant, brandishing his stick at the noisy crew who were trying to interrupt the flow of eloquence, "and I asked him had he ever seen a mad dog that didn't have something in his stomach what had no right to be there? 'Well, no,' he said; 'he never had, now that he came to think of it.'"

"Says I: 'Doctor, there's lots of imagination what helps to kill poor patients,' and says he: 'You're quite right, Young, there is.' And I told him he was free to come down here any time and inoculate me with virus from any of his rabbits or from his dogs, either, and that showed pretty plain whether I believed there was such a thing as hydrophobia. He asked me whether I'd ever seen a man with hydrophobia, and said if I had I never would forget it."

"Well, now I'm not going to say that folks can't get blood-poisoning from the bite of a dog, because I know they can. Come here, Peter!" and he took up his little blind Yorkshire terrier that was running about the floor and opened his mouth. "Now you see that black stuff 'round the top of his teeth? Well, some dogs has that and some hasn't; it's what we call a foul or a canker mouth. Some is born with it. Well, if a dog bites you so as that gets into the bite, you're apt to have blood-poisoning unless you're careful with the wound, but if it's properly washed and cauterized there ain't a bit of danger. For that matter, if you was to have a bite from a man whose teeth had tartar on them you'd run a great deal bigger risk. Dr. Mott said himself that he'd rather a dog would bite him than a man; it wasn't as dangerous."

"I knew a man whose dog bit him in the lip. The place was healing up and he hadn't thought anything of it till about a week after, some fool said to him: 'By Jove! I'd hate to have that wound in my lip. You stand a good chance for hydrophobia.' Well, the man got as white as a sheet and ten days after they tell me he had to be smothered in the hospital."

"Now, you can just say in this paper," as the dog-dealer finished his lecture on hydrophobia, "that what will cure mad dogs or prevent 'em from going mad is to give them a handful of table-salt whenever they look 'sick and droopy. That'll act as an emetic, and its simple and every one has it handy, and I'll guarantee no dog that has that every morning or two to clean his stomach out is going to go mad. They collect so much stuff in their stomachs that if they don't live in the country and run all the time they needs an emetic every two months or so. And you might say, too," he concluded, "that when people want to get rid of a dog it's kinder to kill it at once than lose it out, as folks do, and have it staring round wildly and rushing from place to place, as a lost frightened dog will, so that everybody says 'mad dog' and chases and stones it to death. It's that what starts all these mad-dog scares in the country, and you'd be astonished to know how many people turn their dogs out when one of them scares comes along and the papers gets to crying out about it."

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A Tale of Mystery.

The villages of Gibsonburg and Helena, lying about eighteen miles north of here, writes a Tiffin, Ohio, correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, are at present agitated over a mystery which savors somewhat of the tales of the Bender family and legends of old. About thirty years ago a stranger appeared in that vicinity and he quired for a family named Miller. He claimed to be a bachelor from Pennsylvania who had \$4,000 to invest in a farm. He was shown the Miller residence and remained a short time with them. In fact, he was never seen to leave, though members of that family stated he had gone out west.

The Miller family, consisting of three brothers, one of whom was married, had a bad reputation, but no suspicions were aroused against them, not even when, several months later, letters were received from relatives of the missing stranger inquiring about him and saying he had never been heard from. An investigation was then made, but developed nothing. After a short time the incident was all but forgotten.

Several years later the wife of the married brother died, and just a few hours before she expired she began to talk in a wild, rambling manner of a burial in a field. Her husband, who was present, placed his hand over her mouth, almost strangling her, and ordered everybody from the room. She died in a few moments.

Immediately after the death of the woman, at a certain place in a neighboring field, various parties noticed the grass trampled down in a circle as though done by horses attached to horse-power, but there was no tracks of horses' feet. This remained for several days and disappeared. Fourteen years later one of the brothers died, and the grass at the same spot resumed the same appearance of being trampled and remained several days and again disappeared. A week ago another one of the brothers died, and the ground in the same place in the meadow, though having been plowed a number of times, again resumed a circular trampled appearance.

This at last thoroughly aroused the neighborhood, and an investigation has been decided upon. It is thought this strange acting ground holds the secret of the disappearance of the stranger of many years ago, and an attempt will be made to wrest it away by excavating. Several parties are already at work, but have not as yet discovered anything. The outcome of it all is awaited with great interest by people from all sections of this part of the country.

Mistakes of Vegetable Growers.

One of the great mistakes which American gardeners make consists of allowing green vegetables to grow too large and rank before gathering them. Turnips, carrots, beets, radishes, etc., should be gathered while they are small, and delicate in flavor. String beans should not be picked after the seed begins to form in the pod, or they will be found tough and not very digestible when cooked. Pick green peas before the peas are fully grown. When allowed to grow to a large size they acquire a strong flavor and become less digestible. Of course, such varieties as the marrowfat and champions will be both large and tender. Sweet corn should have the ears just filled, but the kernels should be tender and juicy.—*Maria Parlor, in Good Housekeeping*.

Careful attention to diet is the best guard against disease. It is a fact which all should know, that over-eating not only corrupts the blood but destroys nerve force, and induces dyspepsia, jaundice, bad breath, piles, pimples, low spirits, headache, ague, malarial and all stomach and liver troubles. Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic quickly cures the above diseases. Can be taken by the most delicate. Price fifty cents. Sold by J. C. Saur.

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HAND-MADE WAGONS.

Spring Wagons, Buggies and Carriages, of my own make, ever offered to the people of Henry county, made of the best selected stock and superior workmanship in every department. I am also prepared to do all kinds of repairing and horse shoeing. If you want a good wagon, buggy or carriage, come and see me. If you want any kind of repairing done, call on me. If you want your horses shod, give me a call and I will guarantee satisfaction. July 19, '85

F. F. SHONER,

DEALER IN

Saddles,

Harness,

BRIDLES,

Halters, Whips, Etc.

REPAIRING DONE

on short notice. We are selling our stock cheap, and invite a call from all needing anything in our line. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Shop on Perry street, Next Door to Cary's New Block. Dec. 14.

Confectionery and Bakery

GEO. F. CURDES

Confectioner & Baker,

WOULD respectfully call attention to his superior quality of

Ice Cream, made from Pure Cream.

Sold by the dish, quart or quantity. Fresh Confectionery, Bread, Cakes, etc., always on hand. Lunch served up on short notice and reasonable price. GEO. F. CURDES, East of Engine House, Napoleon, O.

Sash and Blind Factory

—AND—

PLANING MILL.

Thiesen, Hildred & Co. Proprietors. Take pleasure in announcing to the public and all need of anything in the way of building material that they are now prepared to furnish them with lumber for building purposes, from the ground to the roof. We keep constantly on hand,

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Casings, Siding, Shingles, Floorings, Finished Lumber, Rough Lumber,

and every kind of lumber required for a building. Custom work done on short notice. Poplar, white oak, whitewood, ash and oak lumber bought and sold. Jan 1 78-84 THIESSEN, HILDRED & CO.

NEW ROOM

—AND—

New Goods.

MEYERHOLTZ BROS.

Respectfully inform the citizens of Napoleon and Henry county that they are now occupying their new room, in the brick block erected upon the ruins of their old stand, where they invite all their old customers, and as many new ones as wish to come, to call and see them. Our stocks

Entirely New!

and comprises

Groceries, Provisions,

Queens & Glassware,

and in fact everything found in a first-class grocery. We intend to keep constantly on hand a full stock of goods in our line, and invite a share of the public patronage.

CASH PAID FOR COUNTRY PRODUCE

Brick and Tile!

We also manufacture a superior quality of brick and tile, which are sold at the lowest prices. Parties intending building or ditching should give us a call, examine our stock and get prices.